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The Mask

Terrance Rudenko
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By Bob Lynne

Scary dreams wake me.
They occur it seems, on nights!
hear
see
think
read
or am reminded of something —
anything.
Little things can trigger my subconscious.
Just last night I dreamt of a dolphin.
It told me the water's secrets.
Together we shared the sea.
For this, my friend was punished
and snatched away from me.
The nightmare of it was
I remember all —
the sandy bottom
the crushing waves
and my lonely call.

By Cynthia Teixeira

THE MASK

By Terrance Rudenko

I walk into the lime light with a face full of joy,
I seem the kind of man that nothing can annoy.
Nothing seems to bother me, I take it all in stride,
But it might just be possible I've got something to hide.
Do they suspect?
Do they detect that something hurts within?
They don't suspect,
They don't detect,
For I am the beholder of the mask.
Like a clown I place it on
To cover my emotion
And as my rules, I make all the fools,
I've masked my true emotion.
Like a large black veil, it cloaks my tear drenched eyes,
It makes me smile cheerfully in the faces I despise.
It makes me feel secure when there are others around,
Would they suspect, would they detect, if I would cry out loud?
They don't suspect, they don't detect, under this fallacious shroud.